

Elegy

"What is the worst of woes that wait on age? What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page, And be alone on earth, as I am now."
- Lord Byron -

David J. Roman

In Anguish, $\text{♩} = 70$

mf

Baritone Solo



Sil-ver strands flow-ing through the sha-king hands of her lo - ver_ Gol

5



- den_ sor-rows wee - ping through the clouds ca-ress the fa - ing me-mor ies

8

mp



_ she_ left be-hind. Brit-tle_ e - choes e-choes slip-ping through his

12



trem - bling fin - gers_ wraiths of laugh-ter frail_threads un-touch-a-ble

16

f

mf



tro - phies gil-ded streams whis-per down_ the bur-ied face_ of a

21



lo - ver_ a lo - ver! Fra - gile pleas through his rag^3 ged

24



breaths ca-ress the fa - ded eu - lo - gy_ she_ left be - hind.